

## SAILED THE SEAS 38 YEARS.

One of His Experiences.

For thirty-eight years Capt. Loud followed the sea, most of that time as master of a vessel, and upon retiring from the water was appointed by the Secretary of the United States Treasury to superintend the seal fisheries in Alaska, which position be held five years. He relates one experience as follows:

"For several years I had been troubled with general nervousness and pain in the region of my heart. My greatest affliction was sleeplessness; it was almost impossible at any time to obtain rest and sleep. Having seen Dr. Miles' remedies advertised I began using Nervine. After taking a small quantity the benefit received was so great that I was positively alarmed, thinking the remedy contained oplates which would mally be injurious to me; but on being assured by the druggist that It was perfectly harmless, I continued it together with the Heart Cure. Today I can conscientiously say that Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and New Heart Cure did more for me than anything I had ever taken. I had been treated by eminent physicians in New York and San Francisco without benefit. I owe my present good health to the judicious use of these most valuable remedies, and heartily recommend them to all afflicted as I was."—Capt. A. P. Loud, Hampden, Me. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and New Cure are sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or by Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart. One of His Experiences. as I was. "Capt. A. P. Loud, Hampden, Me.
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## THE DAY OF WORSHIP.

Time for Holding Services by the Several Churches. #VANGELICAL.—Church It:#0 a.m., 7 p. m Saulay School 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 p. m. Rev. Green Pas-

\*\* RESPITERIAN.—Church10:30 s. m., 7 p. m. suelay school 12 m., Prayer Meeting, Paureday, 7 p. m. Egy. M. L. DONAHEY, Pas-

PAUL'S LUTHERAN — Church 2:30p. m., (or 10 a. m., as anounced previous Sunday) Sun-day School 9 a. m. REV. W. L. FISHER, Pastor. JOHNS LUTHERAN.—In Freedom Twp.,
Church 10 a. m. Rev. W. L. Fisher, Pastor.,
MANUAL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30 p. m.,
Sunday School 10 a. m. Rev. L. Darmonn
Dastor.

## COUNTY RECORD

Common Place Ju	dgo W. H. Handy
(7) Lorele	Brown
Probate Indea	Dounelly
Prosecuting Atto	rnsy F. Rugat
Anditor	E. E. Decker
Tensanter	
Beauty for	J. W. Hanni
	C. N. Schwal
Corober	D. T. Buri
Commissioners -	D.T. Burr.
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THE WAY IN	Mrs. Sue Welstead
School Examiner	m Mrs. Sue Welstead
	P. C. Schwat
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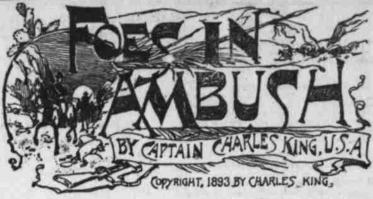
DAMASOUS TOWNSHIP follow suit and he be left to meet the FLATROCK TOWNSHIP. h Weible.... PREEDOM TOWNSHIP. HARRISON TOWNSHIP LIBERTY TOWNSHIP. Lewis A. Beilharz ..... Liberty Center MARION TOWNSHIP. MONROE TOWNSHIP. MAPOLEON TOWNSHIP.

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T.F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa. says: "I bought one bot-tle of 'Mystic Cure' for Rheumstism and two doses of it did me more good than all the medicine I ever took." Sold by D. J. Humphrey, Druggist, Napoleon. nov 16 23 8m



CHAPTER VIL A new May morning was breaking, its faint roey light warming the crests of the Santa Maria, when Lieutenant Drummond signaled "halt" to his little band, the first halt since leaving Moreno's at 2:00. Down in a rocky canyon a number of hoof prints on the trail diverged to the left and followed an abrupt descent, while the wagons had kept to the right and by a winding and more gradual road seemed to have sought a crossing farther to the west. It was easy to divine that, with such elements in the gang, there had been no long separation between the horsemen and the treasure they were guarding. and, eager as he was to overtake the renegades, Drummond promptly decided to follow the hoof tracks, rightly conjecturing, too, that they would bring him to water in the rocky tanks below. Dismounting and leading his big sorrel, he sprang lightly from ledge to ledge down what seemed a mere goat trail, each man in succession dismount-

in succession dismounted a the same point. ing at the same point, and with more

Paster.
ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN. — Napoleon Twp.
Church 10 a.m. Rev. L. Dammonn, Paster.
ONITED REPETIBLE. UNITED RETHREN.—South Napoleon ; church
every week, 10;30 a. m. and in the evening at
1:30. Prayer meeting Thursday 7 p. m
REV. I. D. INGLE, Pastor. UNITED BRETHREN.—McOlnre:charchioa m., everyothersanday, beginning January 18, 1891 prospect of a broiling ride across the sabisathochool 3:30 a. m. Prayer meeting desert shead so soon as the sun was up Thursdays.7p.m Ray.Jour Suelle Passes for watering their horses could be thrown away. Just as he expected, Drummond found the descent becoming more graduat, and in a mo ment or two the bottom of the dark rift was found, and presently, keeping keen lookout for the reflection of the stars still lingering overhead, the leading of Chiricahuas in the Santa Maria. men were rewarded, and halted at the Who could have foreseen that the little edge of a shining pool of clear though troop, finishing its duties at the northnot very cool water and the horses ern end of the range and about turning thrust their hot muzzles deep into the south to rescout the Santa Maria, had wave. Here, shaded by the broad ridden out upon the plain, summoned Arizona trooper of the old days gener- than two hours after their hurried start ally affected, a match or two was struck from the burning ruins at Moreno's and the neighborhood searched for "sign." The rocks around the tank were dry: the little drifts of sand blown down from the overhanging height were smooth. Whatsoever splashing had been done by the horses of the outlaws there had been abundant time for it to evaporate, therefore the command could not thus far have gained very rapidly on the pursued. But Drummond felt no discouragement. Up to this point the way had been smooth and sufficiently hard to make wheeling an easy matter. The wagons had been lugged along at brisk trot, the attending cavaliers riding at lively lope. Now, however, there would be no like lihood of their making such time. The ambulance could only go at 'slow walk the rest of the way, and the guards must remain alongside to protect the stolen funds, not so much from envious outsiders as from one another. Pasqual Morales showed his accustomed shrewdness when he forbade that any one should try to burst into the safe and extract the money, for well he knew USTICES OF THE PEACE; OF HENRY CO that if divided among the men there would be no longer a loadstone to hold them together, to call for their fiercest fighting powers if assailed. The instant the money was scattered the gang would

> cavalry single handed. The horses of the little detachment were not long in slaking their thirst. The noiseless signal to mount was given, and following in the lead of their young lieutenant the troopers rode silently down the winding canyon, Drummond and Sergeant Lee bending low over their chargers' necks to see that they did not miss the hoof prints. Little by little the light of dawn began to penetrate the dark depths in which they were scouting, and trailing became an easier matter. Presently the sergeant pointed to the face of the opposite slope, now visible from base to summit where an abrupt bend threw it against the eastern light.

> "Yonder's where the ambulance came down, sir. ' "I see, and we can't be far from where it crossed. Trot ahead and take

> a look. Let Patterson go with you. If

you find a chance for short cuts, sig-

Another half hour passed away, and still the trail led along this strange rock ribbed groove in the desert, the dry bed of some long lost stream. When first met, it seemed to be cutting directly across their line of march, now it had turned southward, and for several miles ahead south or west of south was its general course. The light was now broad and clear, though the sun had not jet peeped across the moun-

tain range to their left. The pace was rapid, Drummond frequently urging his men to the trot or canter. Out to the front 400 or 500 yards, often lost to view in the windings of the way, Sergeant Lee with a single trooper rode in the advance, but not once had he sig-

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria:

Both wagon and hoof tracks here pursued a common road. It was evident that some horsemen had found it necessary to ride alongside. It was evident, too, that the outlaws were traveling at full speed, as though anxious to reach some familiar lair before turning to face their expected pursuers. Every one in the gang, from Pasqual down to their humblest packer, well knew that it could not be long before cavalry in strong force would come trotting in The squadron at Stoneman would surely be on the march by the coming sunset. As fer C troop, they had little to fear. Pasqual laughed with savage glee as he thought how he had lured them in scattered detachments far up to the Gila or over to the Christobal. No need to fear the coming of the late escort of the paymaster. By this time those not dead, drugged or drunk were worn out with fatigue. Over the body of his bandit brother, the swarthy Ramon, he had fiercely rejoiced that seven to one he had avenged his death, and Pasqual counted on the fingers of his brown and bloody hand the number of the victims of the night-Denovan and his fellow trooper killed on the open plain; the paymaster and his clerk. Mullan and the other soldier, dead in their tracks and burned to ashes by this time, and, best of all, "that pig of a sergeant," as Moreno called him, that hound and murderer, Feeny-he who had slain Ramonbound, gagged and left to miserable death by torture. Indeed, as he was jolted along in the ambulance, groaning and cursing by turns, Pasqual wondered why he had not insisted that Harvey, too, should be given the coup de grace before their start. It was an unpardonable omission. Never mind! There in the brand new Concord that came clattering along was booty that outrivaled all. There was wealth far exceeding the stacks of treasury notes—old Harvey's daughters—old Harvey's daughters. It was with mad, feverish joy that when at last the sun came pouring in a flood of light over the desert of the Cababi he listened to

the report of a trusted subordinate. "I could see every mile of the road with my glasses, capitan, from the cliff top yonder-every mile from Moreno's

"Bueno! Then we rest when we reach the cave. This is even better

than I hoped." But there were two elements in the problem Capitan Pasqual had failed to consider - Lieutenant Drummond's scout in the Christobal, Cochises' band brimmed hats of white felt, such as the by the beacon at Picacho pass, and less were speeding on their trail? The best fieldglasses ever stolen from the paternal government could not reveal to the fleeing outlaw that, only two or three miles back in the dim recesses of the crooked gorge, the bluecoats were following in hot pursuit. Who could have dreamed that a band of Apaches, cut off from their native wilds by detachments from Bowie, Lowell and Crittenden, and forced to make a wide detour to the southwest, had sought refuge in the very gorge of the Cababi whither Pasqual with all speed was urging his men?

"We rest when we reach the cave." Ah, even the torment of his wound could not have wrung from the robber chief this longed for order had he dreamed what was coming at his back. "How are the girls getting on?" he asked of his hot and wearied aid. "Are they tranquil now?"

"They have to be," was the grim reply. "The little one dare not open her eyes, and Sanchez has his knife at the elder's throat '

And the sunrise had brought with it new inspiration-new purpose to those who came trotting to the rescue. Just as the cliffs on the western side were tipped and fringed with rose and gold, Sergeant Lee, riding rapidly far ahead from point to point, always carefully peering around each bend before signal-



The next instant he stood erect, waving some white object high in air. "come on." was seen suddenly to halt and throw himself from his horse. The next instant he stood erect, waving some white object high in air. Spur-

ring forward, Drummond joined him.
"A lady's handkerchief, lieutenant," and a quietly said. "They seem to have halted here a moment; you can tell by the hoof prints. One of their number rode over toward that high point yonder and rejoined them here. I don't believe they are more than half an hour Drummond reverently took the dainty

kerchief, hurriedly searched for an initial or a name and found the letters 'R. H." in monogram in one corner. "Push on, then, Lee! Here, one more of you—you, Bennet, join the sergeant.

selves be seen from the front." Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Look alive now, but do not let your-

Then as they hastened away he stowed the filmy trifle in the pocket of his blouse, and drawing his colts from the holster closely inspected its loaded chambers. Only a boy, barely 23, yet rich in soldierly experience already was Drummond. He had entered the Point when just 17. His father's death, occurring immediately before the nemorable summer of their first class camp, had thrown him perforce into the society of the so called bachelor club, and he was graduated in the June of the following year with a heart as whole as his physique was fine. But there were some cares to cloud his young life in the army—a sister whose needs were many and whose means were few. He found that rigid economy and self denial were to be his portion from the start and was not sorry that his assignment took him to the faraway land of Arizona, where, as his new captain wrote him, "you can live like a prince on bacon and frijoles, dress like a cowboy on next to nothing or like an Apacho in next to nothing, spend all your days and none of your money in mountain secuting, and come out of it all in two or three years rich in health and strength and experience and infinitely better off financially than you could ever have been anywhere

else. Leave whisky and poker alone, and you're all right.' He had left whisky and poker alone, severely alone. He had sought every opportunity for field service; had hown indomitable push, pluck and skill in pursuit of Apaches and cool courage in action. He had been able to send even more than was needed, or than he had hoped, to his sister's guardian and was proud and happy in the conciousness of a duty well done. There were no young girls in the scattered garrisons of those days, no feminine attractions to unsettle his pence of mind. The few women who accompanied their lords to such exile as Arizona were discreet matrons, to whom he was courtesy itself on the few occasions when they met, but only once had he been brought under the influence of girlish eyes or of girlish society, and that was on the memorable trip to San Francisco during the previous year, when he had had the great good fortune to be summoned as a witness before a general court martial convened at the Presidio. He had been presented to the Harvey sisters by the captain of the Newbern and would fain have shown them some attention, but there, had been much rough weather in the gulf which kept the girls below, and not until after passing Cape San Lucas and they were steaming up the sunny Pacific did he see either of them again. Then one glorious day the trolling lines were out astern, the elders were amidship play-ing "horse billiards," and "Tuck," the genial purser, was devoting himself to Paquita, when Drummond heard a scream of excitement and delight and saw the younger sister bracing her tiny, slender feet and hanging on to a line with all her strength. In an instant he was at her side, and together, hand over hand, they finally succeeded in pulling aboard a beautiful dolphin and landed him, leaping, flapping, splashing madly about, in the midst of the merry party on the deck. It was the first time Ruth

had seen the gorgeous hues of this celebrated fish, and her excitement and p. asure over being heralded as its captor were most natural. From that time on she had pinned her girlish faith to the coat sleeve of the tall, reserved young cavalryman. To him she was a child, even younger by a year than the little sister he had left, and of whom he soon secon to tell her ' To her he was a young knight errant, the hero of a budding maiden's shyest, sweetest, fondest fancy and ere long the idol of the dreams and thoughts she dared not whisper even to herself. Paquita, with the wisdom of elder sisterhood, more than half believed she read the younger's heart, but wisely held her peace. No wonder the little maid had so suddenly been silenced by the announcement at the pass that that very night she might again see the soldier boy to whom, in the absence of all others, her heart had been so constant. No wonder the ride forward to Moreno's was one of thrilling excitement and shy delight and anticipation. No wonder her reason, her very life, seemed wrecked in the tragic fate that there befell them.

And now as he rode swiftly in pursuit Drummond was thinking over the incidents of that delightful voyage, and marvelling at the strange fate that had brought the Harvey girls again into his life and under circumstances so thrilling. Never for an instant would he doubt that before the sun could reach meridian he should overtake and rescue them from the hands of their cowardly captors. Never would be entertain the thought of sustained defense on the part of the outlaw band. Full of high contempt for such cattle, he argued that no sooner were they assured that the cavalry were close at their heels than most of their number would scatter for their lives, leaving Pasqual to his fate, and probably abandoning the wagons and their precious contents on the road. A sudden dash, a surprise, would insure success. The only fear he had was that in the excitement of attack some harm might befall those precious lives. To avert this he gave orders to be passed back along the column to fire no shot until they had closed with the band, and then to be most careful to aim wide of the wagons. Every man in the little troop well knew how much was at stake, and men, all mercy to their beasts at other times, were now plying

the cruel spur. Five, 6 o'clock had come and gone. The chase was still out of sight ahead, yet every moment seemed to bring them closer upon their heels. At every bend of the tortuous trail the leader's eye was strained to see the dust cloud rising ahead. But jutting point and rolling shoulder of bluff or hillside ever interposed. Drummond had just glanced at his watch for perhaps the twentieth time since daybreak and was replacing It in his pocket when an exclamation from Sergeant Meinecke startled him.

"Look at Lee!" The head of the column, moving at the moment at a walk to rest the panting horses, had just turned a rocky knoll and was following the trail into a broader reach of the canyon, which now seemed opening out to the west. Instead of keeping in the bottom as heretofore, the wagon track now followed a gentle ascent and disappeared over a spur 400 yards ahead. Here Lee had suddenly flung himself from his horse, thrown the reins to Patterson and

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

nching behind a bowlder, was gazing eagerly to the front, while with hat in hand he was signalling. "Slow; keep down." Up went Drummend's gaunt let in the well known cavalry signal "Halt." Then, bidding Meinecke disount the men and reset blankets and saddles, the young officer gave Chester rein and was soon kneeling by the side of his trusty subordinate.

Lee said no word at all, simply point And here was a sight to make a soldier's pulses bound. Not a quarter mile away the rocky, desolute gorge which they had been following since dawn opened out into a wide valley, bounded at the west by a range of rugged heights whose sides were beard ed with a dark growth of stunted pine or cedar. On each side of their path a tall, precipitous rock stood sentry over the entrance and framed the view of the valley beyond. For full a mile ahead the trail swept straight away. descending gently to the valley level, and there, just pushing forth upon the wide expanse, with dots of horsemen on flank and front and rear, dimly seen through the hot dust cloud rising in their wake, were the three wagons The foremost, with its white canvas top, was undoubtedly the new Concord; the second, a dingy mustard yellow, the battered old ambulance of the paymaster; the third and last, with no cover at all, Moreno's buckboard. It was what was left of the notorious Morales gang, speeding with its plunder to some refuge in the rocky range across the farther valley.

Somewhere in the few evenings Drummond had spent in the garrisons of Lowell, Bowis or Stoneman he had heard mention of a mysterious hiding place in the Cababi mountains whither when pressed by sheriffs' posses, Pas qual Morales had been wont to flee with his chosen followers and there bid defiance to pursuit. And now the young soldier saw at a glance that the chase was heading along a fairly well defined track straight for a dark, frowning gorge in the mountains some three or four miles shead of them. If allowed to gain that refuge, it might be possible for Morales to successfully resist attack. With quick decision Drummond turned to the men still seated in sad-

dlo. Dismount where you are, you two. Reset all four saddles. We mount again here, sergeant, and we'll take the gallop as soon as the troop comes up." "It's the only way, I believe, sir," inswered Lee, his eyes kindling, his

lips quivering with pent up excitement. Most of them will stampede, I reckon, if we strike them in the open. But once they get among the rocks we'd have no chance at all."

Drummond merely nodded. Fieldlasses in hand, he was closely studyng the receding party, moving now at leisurely gait as though assured of safety. His heart was beating hard; his blood was bounding in his veins. He had had some lively brushes with the Indian foe, but no such scrimmage as this promised to be. Never once had there been at stake anything to compare with what lay here before his eyes. Sometimes in boyish day dreams he had pictured to himself adventures of this character-the rescue of imperiled beauty from marauding foe. But never had he thought it possible that it would be his fortune to stand first in the field. riding to the rescue of the fair daughters of one of the oldest and most respected citizens of the territory. In view of their peril the paymaster's stolen funds were pot to be considered. Jim Drummond hardly gave a sing thought to the recapture of the safe. So far as he could judge the forces were about equally matched. Some saddle horses led along after the wagons seemed to indicate that their usual riders were perhaps with others of the band, resting in the wagons themselves. Surprise now was out of the question. He would marshal his men behind the low ridge on which he lay, form line, then move forward at the lone. No matter how noiseless might be the advance, or how wearied or absorbed their quarry, some one in the outlaw gang would surely see them long before they could come within close range. Then he felt sure that a portion at least would stampede for the hills, and that he would not have to fight more than 10 or 12. His plan was at all hazards to cut out, recapture and hold Harvey's wagon-that, first of all; then, if possible, the others.

And now the time had come. In eager but suppressed excitement Meinecke and the men came trotting up the

'Halt!" signaled Drummond. Then 'Forward into line," and presently the lieutenant stood looking into the sun tanned faces of less than 20 veteran troopers, four sets of fours with two sergeants, dusty and devil may care, with horses jaded, yet sniffing mischief ahead and pricking up their ears in excitement. Drummond had been the troop leader in scout after scout and in several lively skirmishes during the year gone by. There was not one of his troopers whom he could not swear CASH PAID FOR HIDES, PELTS, ETC by, thought he, but then the recollection of Bland's treachery brought his teeth together with vengeful force. He found his voice a trifle tremulous as he spoke, but his words had the brave ring the men had learned to look for, and every one listened with bated breath.

"Our work's cut out for us here Not more than a mile ahead now is just the worst band of scoundrels in all the west and in their midst George Harvey's daughters. You all know him by reputation. They are in the white topped wagon, and that is the one we must and shall have. Don't charge till I give the word. Don't waste shot. Some of them will scatter. Let them go! What we want is their cap-With that he swung quickly tives. into saddle.

"Ready now? No, don't draw pistol till you're close in on them and no carbines at all this time. All right. Now -steady. Keep your alignment. Take the pace from me. Forward!" CONTINUED.

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ATTORNEYS.

MARTIN KNUPP. Attorney at Law, PFICE No.2, Vocke'sBlock, Second Floor

R. W. CAHILL. JAMES DUNOVAN. CAHILL & DONOVAN, Attorneys at Law.

NAPOLEON, OHIO. OFFICE on ground floor one door East of Cooyer's hardware store, Washington street.

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C. C. FREASE, Attorney at Law. Office to Fresse block, opposite court house,

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